## SELFISHNESS OF MOURNING.

**The Hypocrisy of Parading One's Grief in Public.**

The infliction of gloomy apparel on the public—whom we do not know, and who do not know us—is a violation of the golden rule. Fashions in mourning stationery, mourning head-gear, in mourning livery—what a hollow sound they have! Does "mourning" help to keep alive the memory of the dead? Possibly, to some; but who of the dead would care for memory thus perpetuated associated with somber imagery? And must it be written that "mourning becomes" some people, and that it has been worn beyond even the fashionable period for that reason? What sense of grief, or the sacredness of sorrow, or the solemnity of death is conveyed when a rosy-cheeked person enveloped in crape comes into a street car laughing and chattering with a companion? Is it not travesty? One cannot hope that the aged, accustomed to the usage, will abandon it at once; if it eases their grief to so display it, who would forbid them, who have lost so many of their life friends? In the very old there is, if anywhere, an approach to appropriateness in the wearing of at least partial black. But the discarding of excessive mourning display may well be begun by the young and middle-aged. Especially while us not have children, spirits of hope and joy, masquerading in the hues of death. Why cloud their lives more than nature clouds them? In all but the very aged it seems as if some appropriate observance in neck-dress, the wearing of grays and browns, etc., rather than any gay colors, were as far as we could safely go without inflicting our grief on others. And if we are any more tempted to forget our grief or join in the dance, can we not safely leave these things to the heart? What conduct is above reproach that does not emanate therefrom? Away with hypocrisy in grief, as in anything else! If our friends rally around us sooner and beguile us more quickly from the temporary, natural shock of death from a lonely vigil with death to which we have bound ourselves, will it not be better? The lesson of death has been often preached—to be also ready. And to that end let the sorrow-stricken work yet more diligently while it is day. There is no truer balm for grief than self-sacrificing work for others. A relic of barbarism, perpetuating the spirit of the days when the mourner shaved his scalp, tortured his flesh, put ashes on his head, starved, made night hideous with wailing and beating of drums—let us gently divest ourselves of this custom of wearing entire black for the dead, and see if the world will not be brighter in spirit as well as brighter to the eye. —Lippincott's.

## SPRING TRIALS.

**The Perennial and Pestiferous Tramp Again.**

They were house-cleaning, and the carpets were out the line yard, when a genteel, well-dressed, well-educated tramp came along and invited himself to eat.

"If I give you some dinner, will you shake those carpets?" asked the lord of the manor, who had stayed home from his business to move the furniture around.

"I will indeed, sir," responded the tramp, in English. He spoke Latin and Greek in an equally fluent manner. He was given an excellent dinner from the top of a flour barrel, which he ate standing—not the barrel, but the dinner. When he had finished off with a pail of clear, refreshing hydrant water, he folded his tent like the Arab and silently stole away. The master of the house stole after him.

"See here, my friend, you said you would shake those carpets."

"I did, sir."

"Did what?"

"Shake them."

"Why, you never touched them! How dare you——"

"Soft, me good sir. Methinks you are not familiar with the language you speak. If you 'shake' a man, it means that you give him the go-by. The same with carpets—understandez vous?"

He dodged a billet of wood and disappeared into the unknown, while his kind entertainer went back to hunt in the debris for the dictionary.—Detroit Free Press.

**In Fashion.**

Lace capes, fashioned much like the window models, with velvet or jetted yokes and collars, have made their appearance, like many other of the season's fashions, long before they are required. These capes are very handsome, indeed, especially those which are only garnitured with expensive cut-jet ornaments and fringes. Some costly French capes have yokes and collars of gold and jet net, dotted with cabochons, and a few models are lined throughout with rows of jetted galoon in stripes falling over the cape from the yoke. As effective as fashionable is the waist of tartan silk that tones well with the dress skirt. The tartan is cut on the cross. In the front is a yoke, and in the back the folds reach from shoulder to belt. The full leg-o'-mutton is cut on the bias.—Chicago Mail.

**Personal Daintiness.**

It seems almost a liberty to talk of personal daintiness, but so many women seem to think it takes such a lot of time to keep well groomed, that I want to reiterate the contrary fact as often as I get a chance. Take one's nails, for instance; five minutes a day will keep them in perfect order. Never cut the skin around the edges. Push it back with a damp towel every time you wash your hands. File the nails every other morning, and remember that, everything to the contrary notwithstanding, there is no polisher so good as the Mount of Venus at the base of your thumb. The best manicures always give the final polish with this.

## DEAD YET ALIVE.

**The True and Pitiful Story of a San Francisco Leper.**

The morning was bright and bracing, the air stimulating as a glass of champagne. I was walking down the street to business with my mind in a whirl of happy thoughts. As I turned into San Francisco's leading thoroughfare and joined its surging tide of life, rushing onward at full speed, I scanned each passing face in search of one which bore the happiness reflected upon mine.

Humanity in every guise was hurrying to their various occupations. Some were sad, others gay. Many were followed by the grim phantom, care. Few looked genuinely happy. Though borne along upon the human wave, I was apart from it—in an ideal world of my own. With what cruel force it now comes back to me. I have lived it over, ah! so many times—and now again it confronts me—that glad day of my sorrow-steeped life. Again I am walking down the street in a happy reverie; again I see a sweet face, lit up by a pair of great, tender, brown eyes! Again I feel the clasp of a warm little hand in mine—the hand of my little Jess—oh, God! is there no mercy for such a stricken wretch? Slow, hot tears well into my eyes, while memory with bitter insistence holds up to my vision the mirror of the past. Of what was I thinking? I was thinking of my little love and the promise she made me take the previous night. The thought sent the blood leaping through my veins. My pace quickened. "To live! to live always!" I mentally cried. With so keen a sense of strength and exhilaration, what is there in life to equal the gracious gifts of love and youth? I then fell to wondering if all the to-morrows of my existence would be as that day, as my happy yesterdays. I tried to banish the nervous foreboding which crept in and poisoned my reflections. Why allow anything to trouble me? Did I not have all that a young man ought to possess with which to begin life—robust health, a lucrative position in a great firm with a fair prospect of advancement, the respect of my employers, and last and best of all, my bonny Jess? But my arm (is there not always this "but" or "if" to mar the greatest pleasures of life?)—this arm of mine—this dead member of my anatomy is my greatest source of uneasiness. Before father lost his fortune he took me through Europe in search of medical aid. I was treated by several physicians, but my malady baffled them, and father was finally obliged to return to America with me uncured. How strange that I should have lost the use of my arm from the moment that I fell from that tree in the garden of our home in Honolulu. I was only a child at the time. Since then years have come and gone, yet it still hangs helplessly by my side. Well, to humor my little fiancee, I will consult a physician to-morrow.

All that day I worked with a vim until the time of closing, and when evening came I went to see my darling Jess. As I entered she laid her dainty head, with its short crop of sunny bronze hair, against my breast and a little happy sigh of content broke from her. Ever and again her soft eloquent eyes gazed tenderly into mine, then a caress, a whisper of endearment; and that was all, for we had no need of words. At parting she followed me to the door and, raising my helpless arm laid it compassionately about her neck. Her luminous eyes shone into mine with a look of appeal, which I understood.

"I promise, little one, I promise," I murmured passionately, and with a lingering caress we parted.

Was there of all God's creatures one as blessed as I? And now what am I? Dead! and yet alive—within sight and sound of the world, longing for its joys and pursuits, but fettered by the most hideous fate of which the human mind can conceive.

I kept my promise to little Jess, and the following morning repaired to the nearest hospital to consult its medical advisers. The head physician made a careful examination and, after the usual formula, brought in two of his fellow practitioners and I was again examined. They then retired to an adjoining room for consultation. Soon after they reentered. But why did they regard me with such grave looks of compassion? What could it mean? I was perplexed—vaguely uneasy.

Dr. Norris broke in upon my conjectures and in serious tones said: "Young man, I fear our diagnosis of your case will be a terrible shock to you. Are you man enough to meet it bravely? Have you strength to face what may be a crushing blow?"

"I trust I have, sir," I replied, with a sudden contraction of the heart.

"It is my painful duty," he said, "to inform you that there can be no cure for your disease; you are afflicted with leprosy."

"Leprosy!" I gasped in a tone of incredulous horror. "Leprosy! leprosy!" I repeated.

For the moment my brain refused to grasp the revolting significance of that word. I gazed blankly at the solemn faces of my doomsmen. I seemed to have lost all power of motion. My body was like a heavy dead weight—my eyeballs seared with the hot tears which could not fall—and in fiery letters before my reeling vision was the awful word "leprosy."

"I regret exceedingly," resumed the doctor, "that I am forced to send you to the leper ward at the pest house."

At last! my numbed sensibilities were roused. "Doctor!" I cried in a voice which shook with emotion. "Are you so lost to all sense of justice or mercy as to consign me to a living death? What do you know of leprosy? Have you ever treated it? What right have you to cast me among lepers? Before being committed to that abhorred place, my case should be looked into by the entire medical fraternity. You may err in your judgment. What then? Must I be thrust in there to court the loathsome infection? The meanest of God's creatures ought to be treated with more humanity. You might as well plunge my body and soul into the abysses of hell—it could not cause me greater agony."

I paused, panting for breath. The muscles of my neck stood out like whipcords; the sweat of agony oozed from my shivering body, and the doctor in a cold, hard voice replied: "We were prepared for this; we expected it would be a terrible blow to you, but that could not alter our course. The health laws are extremely rigorous in regard to leprosy, and it is therefore our painful duty to send you at once to the leper ward."

"I am not a leper," I emphatically declared; "had I been a leper it would have been discovered when I was a resident of Honolulu."

"Our decision is unalterable," answered the head physician. "We would spare you this pain if we could, but it is impossible."

"Mercy is always possible. For the love of God, give me a day's grace, a day's respite." My voice broke in a great sob, and as I noticed the set determination upon their faces hope vanished and I sank into a chair spent with exhaustion. They left me without a word, and then the thought came of my little sweetheart, to torture me afresh. What would become of her? Better that she should believe me faithless, a scoundrel. Better anything than the truth. I determined to send her a message stating that I had been called away on business, and then to change my name, that she might never discover that the man she loved and would have married was that thing accursed of God and man, a leper! I could never see her sweet face again, nor ever hear her low, tender voice. She might come to me only in dreams. My little Jess! my lost love! only a short time ago since you were mine, and even now you would shrink with horror from such a thing as I. Yesterday a happy man, and to-day a leper. Yesterday! golden, mocking yesterday! Must its remembrance follow me through all the days and months and years of my dead youth?

My bitter reflections were broken; my hearse was at the door. Was it not a hearse, this wagon which was to bear me to a living tomb—to cut me adrift from the endearing ties of life? Death was more merciful than this. The dead rode in their carriages respectfully unconscious—but I rode on with every nerve quivering with anguish. The wheels rattling upon the stone pavement sang in my ears: "Going to the grave—to the grave forever." In the street children mocked me with their merry voices; the sun flung upon the blue dome above its royal banner of light; birds sang jubilantly; happy faces passed me, and flowers bloomed on every side. The air was redolent with perfume. It was spring in California, and all nature was glad; but I—I could not partake of it. I was young, and I was old. Grief touched my mind with age, while youth imperiously asserted control over my body. We reached the outskirts of the city at last. The hillsides were covered with blossoms. Perhaps if I were to touch them they might wither in my hand. But no, they were of Heaven, and would not shrivel even in the hand of a leper.

I was shut in my tomb among the lepers. The world and its joys were left behind. The pitiable wretches—sharers of my miserable lot—seemed as if they were bound in a heavy lethargy. Upon their faces was an expression of mute resignation. They sat listlessly about in an apparently uninterested manner. Upon entering my new abode I shrank from them with an irrepressible shudder. But they did not appear to notice it, though I am sure my countenance must have betrayed the hot rebellion raging in my soul. Would I ever be like that loathsome object who sat huddled in a gloomy corner of the room? Oh, God forbid! Send death in any form but that—to sit and wait for the inevitable approach of decay, to know as the leaden-footed years drag by, one must reach the stage where the flesh gradually drops from the bones and nothing remains but a living mass of putrefaction. Horrible! Horrible! I rushed wildly into the open air; I tore open my shirt; my brain and heart felt as if they would burst with the agony which consumed me. My case attracted the attention of the journals and they, with my employers, demanded an investigation. So it was finally decided by the board of health that I should be brought before them for a thorough examination. Were it proven that I was not a leper, I might return to the world and the love of little Jess. If, on the contrary, I must be sent back here—but I dared not think of that.

The day dawned at last that was to decide my fate, and I was taken before a formidable array of physicians and stripped. They regarded my fine breadth of chest and strong limbs with looks of astonishment and admiration, and critically inspected me as they would the noble proportions of a blooded animal. I stood before them like a murderer in the dock on his last day of grace. In vain I tried to banish hope. It crept through my mind like a narcotic and whispered me that I was not that repulsive thing which all humanity shuns. It told me that I might again go into the world a free man—free! to marry the girl I loved—free! to have a home, and little children, and the pleasant duties which filled the lives of other men. I tried to think of the other side of the picture, but ah, no! I had not the strength to contemplate that. No vision of the inferno, or the hideous pictures painted upon the brain of a drunkard in the frenzy of delirium could equal the thought of becoming a leper. I gazed entreatingly into those somber countenances—but their faces were impenetrable masks from which I could read nothing—nothing. During Dr. Buckley's examination he ran a pin into my hand and arm:

"Do you feel any sensation?" he queried. "None whatever," I replied in a stifled voice, and stepping aside with an ominous look he made way for Dr. Jameson, of Honolulu, who went through a rigid examination and then announced to the board that it was his opinion that I was not a leper.

"Not a leper." Oh, thank the good God! The exclamation involuntarily broke from me—my heart beat with suffocating strokes as in a dream I saw the face of winsome Jess; but I was rudely awakened by the hard voice of the head physician, announcing in measured tones that the board had decided that I was afflicted with leprosy. Every word fell upon my heart like ice; and through a great distance, which sounded to my numbed senses muffled as a voice from a sepulcher, I heard Dr. Jameson pleading my cause. He stoutly declared to the wise men who had condemned me to a living death that I was not a leper—that he had spent the most of his life among lepers, and having treated the disease for many years was familiar with every phase of the malady; that it would be almost impossible from the mere knowledge to be gained from books to wholly comprehend the fearful scourge, and that one must have the actual experience of constant practice in order to detect it in its earlier stages. He urged them to further consider the matter before thrusting me where I must soon contract the loathsome disease—and closed with an earnest appeal to them not to

doom to a leper's ward a young man, who stood upon the threshold of a bright career.

They listened with respectful attention to his remarks, but their conviction was not to be shaken; the mighty board had declared against me. I was condemned, isolated. The fire of youth was in my veins, but a heavy eclipse would darken all my days. The physicians solemnly filed past. Some shrank by with averted looks; some gazed at me compassionately; another quickly brushed a tear away, but I seemed apart from it all, as though I had suddenly slipped out of life.

The doctor who pleaded my cause came up to where I stood, a statue of despair, and mutely shook my hand. "I did my best," was all he said, and hastily passed on to hide the tears which came into his eyes. I made no response; words struggled to my lips, but were choked in my throat. All had now left me. I wondered vaguely if I should awaken from the trance which chained me to the spot, and endeavored to think calmly, connectedly, but reason fell back appalled.

Through the mist which encompassed me I saw a woman approaching with an expression of pity upon her tender countenance, an expression such as the woman who mourned at the feet of Christ must have worn. Suddenly, like the mocking cry of a demon borne upon me by an imagination maddened by suffering was the word leper—leper! It burnt upon my brain, it swam before my eyes; the air was heavy with sighs of the unfortunate outcasts, and a voice whispered close at my ear: "Do not allow that pure woman to touch you; you are unclean! Unclean! Accursed of God!"

She came to me, and through a rain of tears drew my head down and reverently kissed my brow. The haze which enveloped my thoughts vanished, the frozen apathy which held me in a vise was dispelled, and with a hoarse cry of anguish I fell prone upon the floor.

After a while some one roused me, and I was taken back to that dread abode, the leper ward. My doom was sealed, my hopes laid low, but, unlike my wretched companions, I could not accept my fate with stoical indifference. I chafed inwardly at the restraints imposed upon me by law, and I dreaded the confinement and the association of lepers. How long would it last? How long would I have strength to face this death in life?

The hero of this narrative—William Horn, of Honolulu—who for a time was supposed to be unjustly detained in the leper ward at the San Francisco pest-house, and whose case excited the sympathy of the entire community, eventually proved to be a leper. Young, handsome, well connected, and upon the dawn of a bright career, he was the most rebellious subject that ever entered the doors of that institution. In spite of the verdict of the board of health he clung to the belief that he was free from the taint of leprosy. The malady grew slowly upon him and he appeared as sound as anyone, but after the lapse of a few months pustules broke out upon the arm which had so long been insensible to feeling.

Carrie Chevalier, a young and comely widow who had been sent to the pest-house as a nurse, was frequently thrown in contact with young Horn and a warm friendship sprang up between them which ripened into love. She was the one whose kiss had comforted him. When forsaken by all she read the story of repressed anguish in those sad eyes, and with rare sympathy sought by every device to divert his mind from the scourge of which he was the victim. He at first struggled to overcome this growing and, as he fancied, hopeless attachment, but day by day the charm of her championship, her sweet womanliness won upon him, cheering and sustaining him as he had never hoped to be sustained or comforted again. The image of "little Jess," his first love, who belonged to that other part of his existence—dead beyond recall—gradually came to him only as a half-remembered dream. Every throb of his heart was for his ministering angel, whom he adored as a devotee might the image of some saint. When she became aware of this adoration she resolved to renounce the world for him. He remonstrated with her upon the rashness of joining her fate with that a leper, but as her resolution was not to be shaken they determined to escape from the pest-house.

In order to carry out this plan he wrote to his father, a well-to-do merchant of Honolulu, and as soon as he secured the necessary funds, with his heroic nurse he escaped at night from the hospital. They have never been seen or heard from since.—Lee Bascom, in Detroit Free Press.

## HE GOT EVEN.

**How a Car Driver Retaliated on a Government Dignitary.**

A Broadway car came bowling along toward the post office one afternoon recently when the slush and mud in the streets was an inch or two deep. A well known federal office holder stood on the downtown crossing at Barclay street. He had a woman with him.

As the car approached he put up his hand authoritatively. The driver motioned that he would stop at the upper crossing, as the rules prescribed. The government official stamped his foot and pointed to the spot where he stood, as much as to say:

"You will stop right here."

He got fooled. The car whizzed by and stopped on the corner where the driver said it would. The federal officer waded through the mud, dragging the woman after him, and entered the car. The conductor gave the signal and the yellow car went rolling on up town.

When he had gone a block or two the driver stopped his whistling, glanced cautiously back into the car and then said:

"That man played me dirt when I got me nat'ralizashun papers five years ago. He made me wait for him fur three hours, and I never forgot his face."

And then the driver resumed his whistling, which he kept up during the entire trip.—N. Y. Herald.

**A Valuable Friend.**

She—Dr. Reaper tells me that he is not only your family physician, but a warm friend of yours.

He—Oh, yes, indeed, and I can recommend him very highly.

She—Has he ever treated you?

He—No, not personally. But he was very successful with a wealthy aunt of mine.—Life.

—The design of company is to bring you to its own level—down or up.—Ram's Horn.

## STEPHEN'S REWARD.

By MADAME FILLONNEAU.

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BRIGHT summer day, a pleasant, cool room to lounge in, and the one person in the world whom he cared to talk to, and yet Stephen Langdon was a most unhappy man.

The demon of jealousy had taken possession of him and held him fast. It did not take much to put him in this condition, poor fellow—all too conscious as he was of personal defects. In his own mind he magnified his ugly whimsical face and ungainly figure into something quite repulsive, and counted for nothing the pair of wistful blue eyes that rested just now so resentfully upon Monica Leigh. That young lady was pouring forth warm praises of a new acquaintance, whose travelers' tales seemed to have excited her imagination a good deal.

"Only think!" she was saying, "he dug for gold in California at one time, and evidently found lots, though he did not say so: and then he became a cowboy, and had the wildest adventures! I wonder if he wore a red shirt and a slouched hat, like the people with Buffalo Bill? I wish I had asked him. I assure you it was quite delightful to hear him talk; so different from anything one hears here. What is the matter, Stephen? Is there no sugar in your tea?"

"It is all right, thank you. Pray, is Mr. Grant to be our moral and mental food for the next week or so?"

"I think you are very unkind. You always say I take sudden fancies to people. You ought to be glad to see me interested in anything. I am dull enough as a rule!" This in a deeply injured tone.

Monica always maintained that she had done with the vanities of life, only she forgot this very often when any new interest or amusement came in her way, and she usually took them up violently for a short time. In spite of this, she impressed no one with a sense of falseness, for she believed absolutely all she said of herself at the moment. Not really pretty, she nevertheless had a great attraction for men—a fact which she stoutly denied—and her delicate complexion, graceful figure and pretty, well-dressed fair hair, made a more successful whole than many a prettier girl could boast of.

Her mother and herself, according to their own account, lived on the pension allowed to the widow and daughter of a captain in the navy; but the shrewd better halves of naval and military men shook their heads and scouted the idea, as they remembered the dainty garments, the pretty artistic rooms, and the constant hospitality to all comers. Their curiosity was, however, successfully baffled, and her acquaintances never guessed to what straits Mrs. Leigh was often reduced.

One person only knew the real state of affairs, and that person was Stephen Langdon.

He was a lonely, unsociable man when he made the Leighs' acquaintance, with no belongings of his own, and just enough of this world's goods to scrape along on, his health not allowing him to take up any profession. Monica's bright smiles and ready interest came like a gleam of sunlight into his life, and, having taken him up because no one else did, she had ended by feeling a sincere friendship for him.

On this bright summer day Mrs. Leigh sat listening to the two in a more than usually absent manner. Presently a though seemed to strike her and she asked:

"Is this man rich?"

"I really do not know," answered Monica, with whom such practical questions weighed little. "He was well-dressed, and talked of his horse, and of shooting and yachting, so he cannot be a pauper."

"That will be no drawback to his charms," growled Stephen. "He must be a bumptious, conceited cad to talk so much about himself."

Monica turned indignantly upon him, but at the same moment Sarah opened the door, announcing "Mr. Grant," and a pleasant-looking, dark-brown sort of a man entered the room.

"I am in luck to find you," he exclaimed, bowing over the hand Mrs. Leigh extended to him. "You are certainly more comfortable here than in the heat outside." He spoke in a low, caressing voice, constantly smoothing his thick mustache. "Miss Leigh, I have brought the sketches you wished to see, but I really had forgotten how bad they were," and he handed Monica a small dirty sketch-book.

"How good of you to remember!" she answered, when she caught sight of Stephen standing by.

"Let me introduce you," she said. "My friend, Stephen Langdon—Mr. Grant."

The two men bowed, and then Grant sat down by Monica to describe the sketches, while Langdon planted himself before the fireless hearth. He noted with growing wrath how attentively Monica listened to Grant's descriptions, and he could but acknowledge to himself that the latter was by no means unattractive. There was a sense of repose about him, in his slow utterance and gentle manner, that accorded ill with his tales of an active adventurous life, and made his hearers feel that there was more of him to know, and something that was worth the knowing. Also the keen eye of jealousy remarked how sweet was the smile that lit up the dark face from time to time, and with what pleasure the kindly brown eyes rested upon Monica as she bent over the rough drawings.

At length he rose to depart, apologizing laughingly for having made his own performances the sole subject of conversation.

"You have been most interesting," said Mrs. Leigh. "Monica, I am sure Augusta would be charmed to meet Mr. Grant. My friend, Miss Winton, has been a great traveler, and I am sure you would find many subjects in common. How shall we arrange? Suppose you were to join us at dinner to-morrow, quite sans ceremonie. Miss Winton has promised to come, and I should like you to know each other."

Grant accepted eagerly, and Langdon watching Monica saw that she was glad.

When Grant had disappeared, Monica turned triumphantly to Langdon, saying: "Now, Stephen, you cannot find anything to say against my latest fancy! You must acknowledge that he is interesting and nice. I don't believe you listened to a word he said. You really look as cross as two sticks"—this with a friendly pat on the shoulder. "Now, I must go and see if I can find some ribbon to match my blue dress. I want to wear it to-morrow," and she ran gayly out of the room.

Stephen stood looking moodily out upon the sea, till, struck by the unusual silence, he turned to look at his companion, and was surprised to see her with her handkerchief at her eyes.

"My dear Mrs. Leigh," he said, "are you not well?"

"Well?" she said. "No, I am ill—very ill. The wicked impertinence of the lower classes is getting serious! My butcher came here this morning to ask for a sum of money, which I am unfortunately not able to pay just at present. I told him this politely, and added that in a very short time my affairs would be more settled, and that he should then be paid at once. Would you believe that he simply raged, and said he must have his money? Sarah got him to go somehow, but I have been quite upset ever since. The in-

"YOU LOOK AS CROSS AS TWO STICKS."

gratitude! After I had lent his wife books when she was ill, and even went once to see her!"

Langdon looked grave.

"Can you not give him part of his money?" he asked. "That would keep him quiet."

"Impossible, Stephen, quite impossible. Monica must have a new hat. The one she has is disgraceful."

Stephen, when he left that night, slipped a sovereign into Sarah's hand, though he knew that it would pay for his rival's dinner on the morrow.

Six weeks later Monica Leigh and Stephen Langdon stood on the cliffs, deep in conversation. Langdon was once more pouring out his love in hot, passionate sentences, and pressing Monica to be his wife.

"The force of my love will teach you how to love me, Monica!" he cried, almost piteously. "What are you made of that I cannot touch your heart? The last time we spoke together you almost gave me hope, and now you seem further off than ever! What is it that has changed you? What has come between us?"

Then Monica answered gently:

"I have been wanting to tell you, Stephen, but it was so difficult. Cuthbert Grant asked me to marry him yesterday, and I have consented. But that will make no difference to us, you know. You will always be my dear friend and brother."

"So my dream is at an end! The more fool I to dream it! Look at me, Monica; you love this man? Ay, I see you do! Then I suppose all that is left to me is to wish you joy!" and he laughed, miserably.

Next morning Langdon visited Mrs. Leigh at her own request and found her radiant.

"I suppose Monica has told you her news, Stephen," was her greeting. "I am more pleased than I can say. I have made inquiries and find that Cuthbert is really quite rich. They are to be married in a fortnight, as he is obliged to sail for India then, and wishes to take his wife with him. And this is what I wish to see you about. I don't want to be obliged to confess that I am a little short of money before they are married—it would be like asking him to buy the trousseau. Will you lend me sufficient to carry me over the wedding? I ask you this, knowing how fond you are of my dear child, and looking upon you in the light of a son!"

Langdon smiled; the farce of his brotherly relationship was to be played to the end. But Monica must not suffer. She must go to her husband free of obligation, and he gave a promise, the fulfillment of which would leave him beggared in means, as he already was in love.

A fortnight later, and Monica stood on the threshold of her new life. Langdon had gone through the wedding in a dream, and suddenly awoke to feel that the supreme moment had come. He must say "good-by," and she would be gone forever.

"Steady! here she comes!" he said to himself, and met her smiling.

"Friends?" she asked, brightly, looking up at him.

"Always!" he answered, bravely, though his head almost swam with the effort—and she was gone! Then he turned and fled, passing out of her life forever.

—Hicks—"The Rhode Island courts have decided that the father has the legal right to name the baby. What do you think of that?" Mrs. Hicks—"I think Rhode Island is about the smallest state in the union."—N. Y. Times.

—Teacher—"How many senses are there?" Bobby Tucker—"Five." Teacher—"That is right. What is your hand raised for, Bennie Bloobumper?" Bennie—"Please, ma'am, there have been eleven censuses taken so far."



## EUROPE'S SOVEREIGN ORDER.

**That of St. John of Jerusalem Recently Conferred on Cardinal Vaughan.**

The order of St. John of Jerusalem, or of Malta, which has just been conferred upon the English Cardinal Vaughan, at Rome, must not be confounded by American readers with the masonic order of the same kind which exists in this country. It has no possible connection therewith. The order that the cardinal has received is the only one in Europe which is known as a sovereign order and which is regarded by the various courts and governments of Europe as an independent sovereignty, by virtue of which right it maintains duly accredited ministers plenipotentiary and diplomatic representatives at the court of Vienna and several other continental courts. Possessed of immense revenues and vast landed estates, the order is divided into five langues or branches, one of which is in France, one in Austria, one in England, one in Italy and one in Spain. At the head of each one of these langues is a balli, or chief prior, who, in the case of France, is the young duke of Orleans, his deputy being the duke de Monchy, of the illustrious house of De Noailles. In order to belong to the order it is necessary to prove gentle blood on the paternal side for sixteen generations back, and on the maternal side for eight generations—that is to say, gentle blood, untarnished by any plebeian strain.

It is astonishing how few members, even of the grandest nobility of Europe, are able to fulfill these conditions, and even the duke of Norfolk, the premier peer of the British realm and the head of the ancient blue-blooded house of Howard, is debarred from admission to the order by reason of the mesalliance of one of his ancestors. In England there are only some two hundred knights of the order of St. John who are entitled to wear its peculiar uniform, which consists of a scarlet coat with black or white facings, according to the rank of the knight in the order. On the golden capulets and on the buttons are embossed the Maltese cross, surrounded by a crown of thorns. The sword belt, too, is embroidered with a golden crown of thorns. The trousers are white with a broad gold stripe. The hat is of the ordinary cocked species, adorned with short, black ostrich feathers, and the mantel of the order is of black velvet lined with white satin and with a large white cross on the left shoulder. The badge of the order, worn, around the neck appended to a black ribbon, consists of a white Maltese cross surmounted by a crown, while in the four corners formed by the bars of the cross are gold lions in the case of the English langue, fleur de lis in that of France and Spain, eagles in that of Austria and a Greek cross in that of Italy. This is the one decoration in Europe which cannot be conferred by the favor of any sovereign, but which can only be claimed as a right by those whose genealogical antecedents are in strict accordance with the requirements of the statutes of the association. The order constitutes a badge of blue blood, and as such is antique in its kind and regarded as a social brevet throughout the old world.—Philadelphia Press.

—How Those Girls Love One Another.—Ethel—"I have formed the habit of singing at my work." Maud—"How you must hate it!"—Truth.

—Insurance is a thoughtful provision for the unfortunate and the firebug.—Puck.



M. W. LEVY, Pres.
A. W. OLIVER, V. Pres

## STATEMENT

Of the Condition of the

## Wichita National Bank

Made to the Comptroller of Currency at the Close of Business, May 4th, 1893.

RESOURCES.

| | |
|---|---|
| Loans and Discounts | $628,483.46 |
| Bonds and Stocks | 21,301.81 |
| U. S. Bonds | 50,000.00 |
| Real Estate | 65,000.00 |
| Due from U. S. | 2,250.00 |
| Overdrafts | 1,186.18 |
| Cash and Exchange | 215,864.78 |
| | $984,086.22 |

LIABILITIES.

| | |
|---|---|
| Capital | $250,000.00 |
| Surplus | 50,000.00 |
| Undivided Profits | 1,774.85 |
| Circulation | 45,000.00 |
| Deposits | 637,311.38 |
| | $984,086.23 |

Correct, C. A. WALKER Cashr.